

Tuesday, December 14, 1920.

The Most News of Washington.

An O. Henry Story
The Defeat of the City.

CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

The drove homeward. The low sun dropped a spindrift flood of gold upon the fortunate fields of wheat. The cities were far away. The road lay curving around woods and dale and hill like a ribbon lost from the robe of careless summer. The wind followed like a whinnying colt in the track of Phoebus' steeds.

By and by the farmhouse peeped gray out of its faithful grove; they saw the long lane with its convey of walnut trees running from the road to the house; they smelled the wild rose and the breath of cool damp willows in the creek's bed. And then in unison all the voices of the soil began a chant addressed to the soul of Robert Walmsley. Out of the tilted aisles of the dim wood they came hollowly; they chirped and buzzed from the parched grass; they trilled from the ripples of the creek ford; they floated up in clear Pan's pipe notes from the dimming meadows; the whip-poorwill joined in as they pursued midges in the upper air; slow-going cow-bells struck out a homely accompaniment—and this was what each one said: "You've found your way back at last, have you?"

The old voices of the soil spoke to him. Leaf and bud and blossom conversed with him in the old vocabulary of his careless youth—the inanimate things, the familiar stones and rails, the gates and furrows and roofs and turns of the road had an eloquence, too, and a power in the transformation. The country had smiled and he had felt the breath of it, and his heart was drawn as if in a moment back to his old love. The city was far away. This rural staidness, then, seized Robert Walmsley and possessed him. A queer thing he noticed in connection with it was that Alicia, sitting at his side, suddenly seemed to him a stranger. She did not belong to this recurrent phase. Never before had she seemed so remote, so colorless and high—so intangible and unreal. And yet he had never admired her more than when she sat there in the transformation of the country, chiming no more with his mood and with her environment than the Matheron chiming with a peasant's cabbage garden.

That night when the greetings and the supper were over, the entire family, including Buff, the yellow dog, bestrode itself upon the front porch. Alicia, not haughty but silent, sat in the shadow dressed in her evening gown. Never before had Robert's mother discoursed to her happily concerning marmalade and lumbago. Tom sat on the top step; Sisters Millie and Pam on the low step to catch the lightning bugs. Mother had the willow rocker. Father sat in the big arm chair with one of its arms gone. Buff sprawled in the middle of the porch in everybody's way. The twilight plucked and puffed the clouds, and the stars and plunged other poignant shafts of memory into the heart of Robert. A rural madness entered his soul. The city was far away.

That night when he sat in a poolroom. Jim had the cue in his hand and, according to Al, was swinging it around. "Watch yohself, cullud man," Al warned. "Yo' is got a mighty mean swing with a stick. Ah doesn't want to get poked agin."

Jim, who had been looking at him with a scornful grin, now looked at him with a scornful grin. "That man himself started it."

It made no difference who started it. The court finished it by handing the bad news to each to leave a \$10 fine with the clerk.

Strong Profanity Somewhere—Weak

Policemen Antonelli and Neale of No. 3 were standing at the corner of First and R streets northwest early one morning.

Suddenly the two men were nearly stunned by a barrage of swear words, and cracked him a good one with the cue. Then they clinched.

"He's to blame, Judge," said Al in court.

"Ain't no nuthin' of the kind, Judge," answered Jim. "That man himself started it."

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Good Morning, Judge!

By RUDOLPH PERKINS.

Virginia Customs.

Lucian Payne comes from somewhere down in Virginia.

He told Judge Hardison that down there it was a common habit with hold-up men to rap you over the cove even if they knew you had but a nickel.

Payne was arrested in a local mission after Policeman Browning had received information that the man had a gun and was looking for blood. In his pockets he had about a million pairs of shoe strings and numerous pencils. He said he sold them for a living.

"I ain't had no breakfast yet, Judge," Payne said.

"You ain't charged with having your breakfast," said the court. "What about this gun?"

"I did not know it was against the law to have one," the man answered. "I got it to keep from being robbed."

The court thought over that remark about the Virginia hold-up men and decided that it was a very foolish thing to say.

Consequently Payne was sent to jail for mental observation.

Slapstick Staff Costs Them \$10 Each.

One windy afternoon Jim Stynes was walking up the street with a load of lumber on his shoulder. Something in the chicken line passed him and he turned his head. He did so he poked Al Thompson in the neck with a board.

While Jim apologized profusely it did not seem to satisfy Al, who, it seemed, went away with a grudge in his heart.

That night they both met in a poolroom. Jim had the cue in his hand and, according to Al, was swinging it around. "Watch yohself, cullud man," Al warned. "Yo' is got a mighty mean swing with a stick. Ah doesn't want to get poked agin."

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Robert tore off his coat and vest and buried them into a lilac bush. "Come out here, you lillabubber," he cried to Tom. "And I'll put your nose on your back, you lillabubber. You called me a 'dude' a while ago. Come along and cut your capers."

Tom understood the invitation and accepted it with delight. Three minutes later, however, he was on his hands and knees, crawling on all fours, and screaming wildly, as he fled up the lane, pursued by the avenging glass of form. A quarter of a mile and they returned, the full of apology to the victorious judge. "Justice man," he said, "you have won."

"I can do up a couple of you slow hayseeds," he proclaimed vaingloriously. "Bring on your bulldozers, your hired men and your log-rollers."

He turned handsprings on the grass that prodded Tom to envious sarcasm. And then, with a whoop, he charged to the rear and brought back a single horse, a battered colored retainer of the family, with his banjo and a stewed sand on the porch and danced "Chicken in the Broad Tray" and did buck-and-wing waltzes for half an hour longer.

Incredibly wild and boisterous things he did. He sang, he told stories that set all but one shrieking, he played the yodel, the humorous clog-dance, he was mad with the revival of the old life in his blood.

He became so extravagant that once his mother sought help to restrain him. The Alicia moved as though she were about to speak, but she did not. Through it all she sat immobile, a slim, white spirit in the dusk that no man might question or read.

By and by she asked permission to ascend to her room, saying that she was tired. On her way she passed Robert. He was standing in the door, the figure of vulgar comedy, with ruffled hair, reddened face and unbecoming confusion of attire—no trace there of the immaculate Robert Walmsley, the courted clubman and ornament of select circles. He was doing a conjuring trick with some household utensils, and the family, now won over to him without exception, were beholding him with worshipful admiration.

As Alicia passed in Robert started suddenly. He had forgotten for the moment that she was present. Without a glance at him she went on upstairs.

After that the fun grew quiet. An hour passed in talk, and then Robert went up himself.

She was standing by the window when he entered their room. She was still clothed as when they were on the porch. Outside and crowding against the window was a giant apple tree, full blossomed.

Robert sighed and went near the window. He was ready to meet his fate. A confessed vulgarian, he foresaw the verdict of justice in the shape of that still, white-clad form. He knew the right lines that a Vander Pool would draw. He was a peasant gambling indecorously in the valley, and the pure, cold, white, unthawed summit of the Matterhorn could not but frown on him. He had

been unmasked by his own actions. All the polish, the poise, the form that the city had given him had fallen from him like an ill-fitting mantle at the first breath of a country breeze. Dully he awaited the approaching condemnation.

"Robert," said the calm, cool voice of his Judge, "I thought I married a gentleman."

Yes, it was coming. And yet, in the face of it, Robert Walmsley was eagerly regarding a certain branch of the apple tree upon which he used to climb out of that very window. He believed he could do it now. He wondered how many blossoms there were on the tree—ten millions? But here was some one speaking again!

"I thought I married a gentleman," the voice went on, "but—"

Why had she come and was standing so close by his side?

"But I find that I have married!"—was this Alicia talking—"something better—a man—Bob, dear, kiss me, won't you?"

The city was far away.

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Skinner to Substitute For Densmore in Talk

John R. Densmore, director-general of the United States Employment Service, who was scheduled to address the weekly forum luncheon of the City Club at 12:30 tomorrow afternoon at the clubhouse, Farragut Square, has been called out of the city by death in his family, but his place will be taken by Wade H. Skinner, assistant director-general, who will speak on the same subject.

Refined Sugar Price Cut.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Three companies announced here today the prices of refined sugar will be cut to 8 1/2 cents a pound. A short time after this announcement the Federal Reserve Bank announced the statement that it would cut the price to 8 1/2 cents. Those who announced a price one-half a cent higher were the American, Warners and B. H. Howell Sons Company.

Heed the "Silent" Policeman and Keep Out of Trouble



Are these signs, all to be found in the downtown section, your mentors or accusers? Can you look them all in the face without blushing, Mr. Mrs. Miss or Master Motorist?

Washington does not present the perplexing diversity of traffic placards to be found in many cities. All are passed upon by the police department before being placed. Obedience to them is

VICTIM BLAMED IN TROLLEY DEATH

Annie Kelly's Death Laid to Carelessness by Coronor's Jury.

A coroner's jury yesterday returned a verdict of "death due to lack of care on the part of the deceased," in the case of Annie Kelly, 55 years old, 1220 Union court southwest, who died Saturday at the Washington Hospital as the result of injuries received when struck by a street car at Ninth and B streets northwest, on November 20, last. The jury exonerated the car crew.

While running to catch a street car at Fourteenth and B streets northwest, yesterday, Margaret Bourne, 1370 C street southwest, slipped and fell to the ground. She was taken to the Emergency Hospital, where she died.

Slight damage resulted when the automobile of Morris Gottlieb, 1100 Twentieth street northwest, and the machine of H. S. Garrett, 1703 Kenyon street northwest, collided at First and H streets northwest.

An automobile operated by Mrs. Frank E. Harmon, of the Cordova apartment, was slightly damaged when it was struck by a wagon near North Capitol and G streets.

Woman Must Settle Claim to Keep Store

Justice Hitz, in Equity Court, yesterday issued a temporary restraining order against Goldie Cohen, who is in possession of the grocery business and premises at 255 Tenth street southeast, preventing her from continuing the business or disposing of it until the claim of William G. Prockelton and his wife, Mary A. Prockelton, can be investigated.

Prockelton and his wife filed suit yesterday against the Cohen woman, alleging a violation of a contract between them and the defendant, whereby it is claimed, she agreed to buy the business and property of them for \$8,500.

The contract, it is alleged, was dated October 29 last, and the Prockeltons claim the Cohen woman put up a deposit of \$300 and took possession, and has since been running the business. It is claimed without finishing an initial cash payment of \$2,000, as specified in the agreement.

Band Leader Dedicates New March to Harding

Prof. James H. Willis, director of the Washington Female Brass Band, has dedicated a march to President-elect Harding, in recognition of the latter's endorsement of the White Cross Free Labor Bureau of America.

The band will give a special concert Sunday afternoon at the Cosmopolitan Institutional Baptist Church, 921 N street northwest, proceeds of which will be used for purchasing uniforms for the band members. The band will lead the White Cross Bureau Cadets in the inauguration parade.

Widows and Kin of U. S. Police May Be Aided

Resolutions asking financial aid for widows and other relatives of Capitol employees who have recently died, were introduced in Congress yesterday by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts.

A sum equal to one year's salary was asked for brothers and sisters of George H. Boyd, late superintendent of the Senate document room. The widows of Samuel F. Tilton and James L. Fore, Capitol policemen, and Thomas Neal, laborer, and Alanson D. Gaston, messenger, are to receive sums equal to six months' pay if the bill is passed.

Sylvia Concert Withdrawn.

Mme. Marguerita Sylvia has withdrawn her concert recital at Follie's on Thursday afternoon, owing to her day and night rehearsals for her Co-han Revue production which opens in New York, December 24.

Daniels Congratulates Tetrzzini On Record Transmission of Voice Over Wireless to American Jackies

Mme. Luisa Tetrzzini, world famous soprano, was congratulated by Secretary Daniels in the Navy Office yesterday morning on the success of her recent wireless concert for American jackies.

The great singer broke the world's record for the wireless transmission of the human voice in New York City, Friday night, December 3, when strains from "Some-where a Voice is Calling" and other operatic selections were picked up 800 miles away in Louisville, Ky.

Mme. Tetrzzini's feat exceeds the previous record held by a wireless concert given in London which was heard 500 miles away in Geneva.

Daniels congratulated the famous soprano upon her achievement.

"Pretty soon it won't be safe even to think—will it?" the Secretary exclaimed, quoting Shakespeare's lines in which he makes Puck say, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

The diva acknowledged with a gracious smile and a characteristic Italian gesture of her hands.

"I rejoice to think that America holds the world's record," said Daniels.

The colorful personality of the vivacious Luisa illuminated the sombre atmosphere of the Navy office just as her golden voice has thrilled the souls of countless thousands. Like a patch of color from the gloomy pile of the State, War and Navy Building.

Daniels bowed the vivacious figure in the black charmesse, lace-trimmed gown to a seat. They were to pose for the ever-present cameraman.

The position was not quite satisfactory against the Cohen woman, the Navy Lord changed places with

Bears in Cumberland Hills Show Increase

CUMBERLAND, Md., Dec. 13.—Hunters report a big increase in the bear population of the Cumberland hills this winter.

During the past few days Cumberland hunters have bagged seven. Steve Elkins, noted hunter and trapper of the Montana mountains, is conducting one hunting party.

Hunters find the hills almost inviolate.

DIVA IS PRAISED AS MEDIUM FOR WIRELESS RECORD OF U. S.



MADAME TETRAZZINI AND SECRETARY DANIELS.

Like Puck, the famous soprano and the Secretary of the Navy may girdle the earth in forty minutes. Daniels yesterday thanked the prima donna for the wireless concert recently given to gobs at sea.

GIRL WITH PEARLS FOUND MURDERED

Suitcase Filled With Jewels Discovered Near Body of Young Woman.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 13.—Police today were searching for the murderer and attempting to establish the identity of a young woman whose nude and mutilated body was found yesterday under the leaves and brush of a lonely grove of eucalyptus trees a short distance beyond the terminus of a street car line.

The face was hacked beyond recognition. A blood-stained ax, a suitcase full of women's clothing, and a large quantity of jewelry were found today about 100 feet from where the body was discovered.

The woman, slender, dark and 35 years old, apparently had been dead for several days. Finding of the jewelry, which is said to have included 164 strings of synthetic pearls containing more than 10,000 separate pearls, and ninety-four sterling silver bar pins, gave rise to the belief she may have been killed by a band of thieves.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

He asks five persons, picked at random, a question each day.

THE QUESTION: "What Would You Eliminate From Washington to Make It a Better City?"

THE ANSWERS:

REV. D. E. WISEMAN, president Howard Park Citizens' Association, 330 W street northwest: "The moving picture as a Sunday amusement. I am highly in favor of moving pictures and all other forms of clean amusement on week days, but Sunday should be made a holy day and not one of amusement. Motion pictures, while useful in connection with a special church service or a religious lecture are permissible on Sunday, in my opinion, but as an amusement never."

JOSEPH L. CARR, president Potomac Park Citizens' Association, 4505 Eighth street northwest: "The removal of the Gallinger Hospital for the treatment of tuberculosis from its present location, Upshur street near Fourteenth, to a location farther into the country, would be a distinct benefit to this section and the city as a whole."

JOHN JOY EDSON, president Sixteenth Street Improvement Association, 1534 Sixteenth street northwest: "The removal of the restrictions that are now placed upon the citizens of Washington, denying them the right to vote for the President and Vice President of the United States and equal Congressional representation, would be a paramount step toward the betterment of the city."

WILLIAM F. PEARBODY, president Washington Safety First Association, 1505 Delandfield Place, northwest: "Remove the lack of respect for the laws, especially those pertaining to traffic, and an advance toward betterment has been made. Young people have grown to consider traffic laws in a facetious light and if this condition continues the youth will soon be taking a similar view of other laws."

EDGAR B. HENDERSON, president Piney Branch Citizens' Association, 1405 Deafield Place northwest: "Remove the disposition of Congress to require the payment of the cost of extraordinary improvements out of the current revenues of the District, which result in the shoring of public schools and other needed facilities."

The Marriage Mill

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR. (Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.) You Can Begin This Story Any Day!

STEEL MEETS STEEL.

Warren Bradley's wife smiled blandly in appreciation of Allison's amazement.

"Very cleverly done, Mrs. Osborne. You are a born actress."

A flush of anger mounted to Allison's forehead. She sprang to her feet.

"You are carrying this little affair too far, Mrs. Bradley! Your impertinence in coming here in the first place was bad enough, but your false accusations are unpardonable. Let me tell you something which of the many women he runs about with was last night's companion, but I would suggest that you be sure of the truth before you insinuate what you have."

"I am sure," returned Mrs. Bradley calmly. "Her face was, of course, not visible, but her costume

New York City Day by Day

By O. O. McINTYRE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The rotunda of the Grand Central Railroad station at midnight offers a kaleidoscopic scene at the interesting side of an ever-changing metropolis. Only the seasoned traveler fails to wear that peculiar expression of expectancy. There is something stimulating in the grinning, red-capped porters, the shriek of grinding brakes, the monotonous drone of the train caller.

Over there is a group of well-dressed men and women chatting with easy familiarity. A little aloof from them is a haughty lady with a dog tucked under the arm of her fur coat. Theatrical troupe on the first step of adventure in what they call the "bunk"—and reconciled to their departure from their greatest street in the world, Broadway.

A white-haired couple timidly approach a taxi. It is her train—she is swathed in black and is answering some sad summons. There are no tender farewells. They understand. He pucks at her lips. She puts his arm and turns quickly away.

At the last moment comes a man with a travel-worn grip. His cigar is clenched tight in his teeth. Under his arm are a few magazines. An old-timer—who doesn't—ever look at the great clock as he passes through. The joy of travel has been spent.

Then the young husband, perhaps going out after his first order. His wife cries a little and wonders if she forgot to put the toothbrush in his valise. And the commuters who have rushed out the middle of the last act to catch their train for New Rochelle, Yonkers and other parts.

The trainmen come up from the sheds, through for the day, turn up their collars and hurry to their temporary abodes. No man is so unconsciously blasé as the trainman just off duty. Cutting through space at sixty miles an hour, his reactions to a few honking taxicabs and clanging street cars are gold.

The station cafes are filled at night, and so are the numberless lunch counters. Even the haberdashers, book stalls, drug stores and the score or more other stores buried on the different levels do a good business all night long.

Natty dressers, who breeze about hotel lobbies several weeks ahead of the styles, are now wearing Congress gaiters of patent leather. They are made like those granddaddy used to wear, and they cost \$15 a pair.

Employers in New York say they are getting more out of their employees than they have at any time since the war. Getting a new job now is not an easy task, and the workers realize it. All are working to hold their jobs, whereas a year ago if they lost one job they could fall right into another. A class of workers, hit by retrenchment, are the newspaper free lances. There is a small army of them in New York, who make a living writing odd bits for the various newspapers. But lately the editors are turning the work over to members of their staff to permit them to make extra money.

(Continued tomorrow.)

THE principal thing about The Herald's business section is this: It has no equal. A strong statement, but a true one, as these few facts will show—

A Direct Wire from Wall Street, Giving—

Full New York Stock Exchange stock and bond activities and full New York Curb Market quotations.

Interesting and informative stories that give the reasons for the stock and bond activities.

Articles by Richard Spillane, brilliant journalist and practical economist.

B. C. Forbes tells interesting facts of the world of commerce and what is transpiring in it.

Dr. Frank M. Surface contributes a daily article on economic subjects of a momentous nature.

A number of other equally expert and interesting writers add to the value of the department and make it an absolute fact that of all Washington Business and Financial Sections—

There Is Only One Best And It's in The Herald